

RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JANUARY, 1949

No. 2.

Baby-Sitting Tony Writes of Martin

By Anthony Constable

Listen, Marty, your mother and dad have gone to a wake, and won't be back for several hours. Meanwhile, I am to watch over you—Baby-sitter, you know? I've some writing to do, so I want you to be a real good boy. No, I can't play horsy with you, so don't pester me.

Marty, two years of age, is the youngest of my twelve nephews. I carried him into the bedroom, dropped him on the bed, then watched him bounce up and down.

Sitting up, he exclaimed as he pointed to a statue of the Blessed Virgin, "God!"

"That not God, that's God's Mamma," I corrected.

Pointing to a Crucifix, I asked, "Who's This?"

"That Jesus," he replied.

Do You Know Martin?

"You don't know this man," I said, as I picked up a little black statue.

"Him Mawtin," came the quick reply.

"Martin, like you," I said, as I squeezed him tightly and ruffled-up his hair. "You should feel proud to have been named in honor of such a great wonder-worker, and to have been born in the same month as he. However, that isn't the reason you were given his name, but because he is a generous friend of the family. He, it is, that I'm going to write about.

The "Red Tide" moves on, and sweeps everything into the cesspool of Communism. The whole world, slowly but surely, is threatened by the onrushing flow.

Here, in the U.S.A., when the opportune time arrives, the Reds will use the Black race against the White race (witness the revival of the KU KLUX KLAN) to attain their Satanic ends. Tests were made during the last war, and you may recall how successful the results. In no time the Whites and the Negroes were at each others' throats.

Our chances to resist this trickery are very slim. Our prejudice against the Negroes will be the Communists' greatest asset. However, there is no need to despair, for slight as our chances may be, we still have an Ace in the hole, and this Ace is none other than Blessed Martin de Porres, who, being born of a black mother and white father, understands our differences completely. He can obtain from God, through Mary, any favor we request. Therefore, if we beseech him, he will build an unbreakable friendship, binding the two races into one brotherhood.

Martin Changes Men

When I first learned of Martin, six years ago, my

feelings towards Negroes changed instantly. What little prejudice I bore vanished into thin air, and I assure all those who read his saintly life that they will be affected in the same manner.

Anyone desiring to become more acquainted with his life can do so by obtaining, for ten cents, the booklet, "Meet Brother Martin." Write to Father Norbert Georges, c/o Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East 65th Street, New York 21, N.Y. You have my word for it, "It will work wonders in your life."

Martin de Porres is called the "Wonder Worker," and rightly so, for God denies him nothing. Many are the favors received through his intercession, near miracles great and small.

Saint Anthony sent Martin my way. It happened like this. On June 3rd, 1942, Clara, my wife, was to be operated on for the second time.

"This time I'm not going to pull through," she said.

"Yes you will," I replied, trying my utmost to encourage her. "On Saint Anthony's feast day, you'll start getting up."

Martin Goes To Work

The Paduan's feast, June 13th, in 1942, came on Saturday. I assisted at Holy Mass in his honor, and also to pray for my beloved. As I was leaving the church, the sun shone brightly, but my poor heart was heavy, as Clara hadn't improved to any great extent since her operation, ten days previously.

"How's Clara coming along?" I heard someone say.

Startled, I looked up and saw my dear friend, Sister Alecia. "Not too well, Sister," I replied. "The doctors say that she'll die within two months."

"Well, don't look so down-hearted," she admonished. Then she handed me a Blessed Martin prayer leaflet. "Why don't you ask him to help you?"

I put the leaflet in my pocket. I was somewhat puzzled. I didn't see where, or how, Blessed Martin fitted into the pattern of my life. I expected my assistance to come through St. Anthony or the Little Flower, for it was she who had watched over me ever since I had become an ardent follower of Father Coughlin, back in 1935.

Upon seeing me, Clara remarked, "You were mistaken about my getting up today."

"The day isn't over yet," I said and handed her the Blessed Martin leaflet. "Sister Alecia gave it to me."

I asked her if she could have a little ice cream. I was gone about ten minutes.

When I returned, she said, beamingly, "I'm to get up! The doctor was here and said so, while you were away."

In my heart I thanked the good Lord, but failed to appreciate the good Blessed Martin, who had lost no time in coming to my aid.

Clara left the hospital June 20th, but showed no improvement as the days passed. By the end of June, she was suffering intensely. In my desire to help her, I wrote to Father Coughlin requesting him to offer his Mass on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16th, on Clara's behalf.

Martin Still On Job

July 15th, while at work, I became filled with an urge to go to the Shrine of the Little Flower, in Royal Oak, Michigan, over 400 miles away, in order to assist at Clara's Mass. But how could I, my wife being on her death bed? Throughout the day, I prayed for guidance, and when evening came around, I was convinced that I should make the trip.

As the shades of darkness fell, I began to doubt. My mind was in torment. Supposing Clara should die while

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ST. FRANCIS OF SALES



On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

We have been on the war-path against some grabbers, exploiters and tyrants of Christian Rural Life. Our sole purpose was to shock, if necessary, the common man, into seeing his peril and the state of unmorality in which he lives and moves.

Properly educated in these matters he, the common man, would be ready to do "something about it." Then we would suggest to him the only open (public) gate to the economic field, in which he would sow and garner his crop—pursue his soul's ambition of spiritual, social, and

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Spiritual Directors Are Sorely Needed

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Seminarian:-

I have been praying for you, with all my heart, these Holy Days of Christ's Birthday, His Circumcision, and Epiphany, or the coming of the Magi to Bethlehem.

I love the great feast of Epiphany. For it is "our" feast. The laity's. I often think that they and their long journey, are a symbol of our lives . . . or should be. For what IS life, but a journey in search of the FULL

CHRIST within us? A journey INWARD, that should begin early, following the star of Faith and seeking Christ within the depths of our souls, in order TO KNOW HIM BETTER, TO LOVE HIM MORE AND MORE, AND TO WORSHIP HIM, WITH AN EVER BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF WHOM IT IS WE ARE WORSHIPPING. So that this growing knowledge and love may make us fires of zeal and service. Zeal for our FATHER'S HOUSE and our NEIGHBOR'S SALVATION AND SERVICE.

Yes, I love the feast of Epiphany greatly.

That is why I have been especially praying for all you seminarians — our future priests. For it is you, who in the days to come, will have to be our guides on that long, strenuous, difficult, and even frightening JOURNEY INWARD that all Catholics should make, to fulfill our final end and reach Heaven in a blaze of glory and love, as we are supposed to.

Well, Here's One Way

You have been writing me, you and your confreres, asking in what way you could best help the laity to do Catholic Action, to which the Popes have been calling them so urgently, so unceasingly.

One answer comes to me — VIVID AND URGENT. It is THE DIRECTION OF SOULS. We all know that grace comes to men through men. Thus God ordained it in His Infinite Wisdom. But there is a group of men through whom it comes in a very special manner—His specially chosen friends, His priests. As I wrote in my last letter, YOUR PRESENCE BRINGS GRACE AND BENEDICTION. But when you fulfill the duties of your ministry, for which you will be ordained so soon, GRACE POSITIVELY FLOWS THROUGH YOU, AND IT DESCENDS ON US, THE LAITY, IN TORRENTS! The very thought of its immensity makes me speechless, and the only words that come to the fulness of my heart are — ALLELUIAS — which alone can express the overwhelming gratitude to

God with which my heart is filled.

And what, beside dispensing the Sacraments, can bring these graces and bring them so abundantly on us, the laity—who have to bear the heat of the day, and to fight the good but hard fight constantly? Why your TEACHING ! ! And what more effective way to TEACH is there than DIRECTING A SOUL TO GOD?

Must We Walk Alone?

Each Catholic should have a Spiritual Director. For how can we walk the Royal Road to Christ—in these our bewildering days especially without a guide? The road is narrow and steep. It is also surrounded by pitfalls and precipices. One walks often in complete darkness, or in a sort of blurring twilight in which the sign posts, standing at its many cross-roads, are well-night unreadable!

Nor must we forget the MYSTERY OF INIQUITY AND THE MASTER THEREOF, both powerful and ever present. How can we distinguish and fight the past master of disguises, who can mix truth with lies so skillfully . . . unless YOU stand by, to guide and instruct and DIRECT our frightened, fainting souls and steps?

Yet I know, both from your many letters and our many talks, that you are somewhat afraid of this part of your ministry. Perhaps, in your great humility, you do not feel adequately prepared. Or, maybe, having studied the lives of the great and holy directors of souls, you feel that this sacred task belongs to the learned and saintly giants among you. So when some eager soul asks you in all simplicity, and according to her right as a child of God and His Church, to be her spiritual director, her guide on the road to sanctity, YOU DIFFIDENTLY AND HUMBLY REFUSE.

Uh! Uh! Please Don't

Don't do it, Friend. Don't do it . . . PLEASE. For it is the very best way YOU can help us, not only to engage in Catholic Action, and do it well, intelligently and according to the mind of the Church, but also to become saints. And isn't THAT what God wants you to do, and us to be?

Don't be afraid either. Nor give in to what is fundamentally, in this case, false humility. Of course Simon could not direct anyone's soul. BUT PETER COULD AND DID. So can the PETER in you. Forget the Simon in you. And remember only that YOU ARE A PRIEST (Continued on Page Four)

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

In the great tranquility of God's Order, all things come to rest. All things, except man who, with his stupendous gift of free will, can refuse to accept either the Order, or its tranquility, or even God Himself . . . and thus live without hope, without love, without rest.

Often he gives as an excuse for his refusal—ignorance. Yet one wonders if he really can possess the saving, excusing INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE, that alone can save him from eternal damnation, in these our days of free education, of books, magazines, libraries, radios, many of them dedicated to God, and the ways and things of God?

For the verities of our Holy Faith are simple. Simple enough to be understood and absorbed by little children.

The things we MUST know and believe, the truths of our Faith, are to be found in THE APOSTLES' CREED. The means of grace and salvation—the objects of Hope—are found in THE SACRAMENTS. What we must do, and what we must avoid, if we would be saved—the things that belong to Charity—are contained in THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.

Because of the three theological virtues—faith, hope and charity, CHARITY IS THE GREATEST; also because we love her so much that we can never meditate, talk, or write enough about her, we are starting a new series of editorials on the TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.

We do so in utter humility, and in fear and trembling. But we do want Charity to be known and loved, for Her other name IS love . . . AND WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS! So, in the name of THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, we dare speak of her again, and again, and again!

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD . . . THOU SHALT NOT HAVE ANY STRANGE GODS BEFORE ME . . ." Thus reads the first Commandment.

Lord have mercy on us. For we have wandered far from Thy paths. How few of us have remembered the first Commandment of the Almighty? How few are even now examining their consciences on it?

We have, it is true, outgrown and deserted the crude idols of old that our ancestors worshipped. Statutes with calves' or bulls' heads make us only smile. Nor do we fall down and adore exotic images. But we have done almost worse. We have given free rein to our passions, and have made them into gods!

And we have done more. We have permitted, nay encouraged them, to have their own high priests; and we have built temples for them. While rendering LIP SERVICE TO THE LORD GOD, we have burned the incense of our devotion and interest before these our new idols not made by hands.

Behold too, the mad scramble for the favors of these idols. The god of success, the god of wealth, the god of power . . . which has left us weak of will, soul, and limb.

Sex, a great and divine gift, given us for the procreation of children and the raising of God's saints, we have made into a god to worship and adore outside all bounds of reason and in complete disregard of God's first commandment.

No wonder the rest of God's Commandments are neglected, unheeded, and almost unknown! For if we disregard the First . . . the rest of the commandments cease to have any meaning. How dark is the world! How frightened the souls in it! How lost!

No wonder we are besieged on all sides by forebodings of annihilation and destruction! How could it be otherwise? No one can challenge God, nor His words, with impunity. Let us go down on our knees, while there is still TIME, and with tears of compunction ask God's forgiveness for our sinful ways. Let us ask too for the grace of light and courage, so that we may study diligently and obey His FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT COMMANDMENT; so that we may love and worship Him, and thus be able to come to rest in the great and holy tranquility of His Order!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

It had been my intention to write a meditation about my walk to the post office in the snowstorm of a few days ago—but a couple of missionaries changed the idea.

If you will reflect that a few months ago I could hardly move my big pigeon-toed feet to the front gate—and that I had to rest a long while before venturing back to the house—you will see there was some merit in my idea of discussing the walk in the snow.

It was the afternoon of New Year's eve. The wind was blowing up a gale; and if I hadn't been so heavy it might have swept me into the icy black waters of the Madawaska. As I went down the road, enjoying the wind and the snow, and the beauties of the winter pines, I thought of all the prayers that had been said for me—by the thousands of men and women who make the novena to Our Lady of Sorrows, and by other thousands in various parts of the world who bore my name and my needs to her throne.

But—Utterly Ruined

It would have made a good meditation, perhaps. But the priests destroyed it.

There were two of them here at Madonna House, Father Joe Dwyer, the Jesuit missionary to the Indians; and Father Jim Dwyer, the Redemptorist, who has just come back from St. Kit's island, and may be sent soon to Japan. They are brothers of our pastor, Father Pat Dwyer; and cousins of Father Bill Dwyer of Madawaska, which is about 30 miles north of Combermere. They are two of five brothers who became priests; and they are brothers of two nuns.

Father Jim got to talking of a Jesuit he had met when he was visiting Father Joe in the seminary—sometime before Father Joe was ordained.

"This chap," he said, "came into the room grumbling about something they had for dinner that evening. He was also grumbling about one or two of the rules of the seminary. He made an extremely bad impression on me; and in my vanity I thought to myself that he was much too light for the priesthood. Then, in my arrogance, I decided to question him, and show him up to himself.

What Sort of Man?

"He said he had come out of New Zealand. He had gone to Australia. There he had met the Jesuits and decided to become one of them. He was sent to Ireland, and while he was studying in that country he met a missionary who was asking for volunteers for Alaska. He said he believed it was the will of God, so he volunteered.

"And do you think you can stand it?" I asked.

"Father," he answered with great passion, "I hate Alaska. I was afraid of it all the time I was there, its vastness, its tremendous silence, its intolerable loneliness. But I talked to another Jesuit who has been there twenty years. He said he is still afraid, so I felt better."

"It was shocking to think he had been there, and left. But, thank God, I didn't leave the subject alone. I began to ask him questions about Alaska. I wanted to

know, especially, why he hated it."

"Well," he said, "one reason is there are so few Catholics there, at least where I was. The Eskimos would not give me any food. I had to live on eels all one winter, and nothing else. You put nails in a long pole, break a hole in the ice, thrust in your pole, turn it with both hands, keep turning it, and eventually you get your eels."

But Still Light

"I began to see why a man like that should be permitted to grumble a little at what was served him for dinner—just as an old soldier can be readily excused for grousing and griping at the army. I began to feel ashamed of my feelings for this chap; but



I was still of the opinion that he was a light weight.

"Eventually I asked him about dog teams, and he told me as dramatic an incident as I remember. He had gone about 300 miles with 14 dogs and a sled full of supplies. He had delivered the supplies and he was mushing home early the next morning."

"I hadn't gone far," he said, "when I happened to see a gray half-moon break out of the woods back of me and to my right. Wolves! About two or three hundred of them! I strapped myself to the sled, got my rifle out, got my cartridges ready, and then stopped the dog team."

"You stopped the dog team?" I couldn't help saying. "In the name of heaven why?"

Dogs Like To See

"Well," he explained, "you know when you stop the team, the dogs always look around. They looked around. They saw the wolves. And they were off down the road in a streak. I didn't have to say a word to them."

"I got about twenty wolves, which delayed the pack some; but we didn't stop until the dogs were too weary to run another inch. That was about thirty hours after we had sighted the wolf pack."

"I put my little tent around the bole of a big tree, spread the dogs in a circle outside the tent, and made camp for the night. If the

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The B's Corner

Slowly we are returning to normal at Madonna House. December was a happy though hectic month. Betty Biggers, BS-RN, was a God-send to us, arriving as she did around the 15th, and pitching right in, with all the Christmas preparations.

She is the nurse we have been praying for so long. Our first new Staff Worker too. Our second, Peggy Gerth, arrived on January 4th. To both of them, a warm welcome. Both will be very busy, for there is so much to do.

Our Home Nursing course starts on January 15th. Betty is going to teach it. We are about three months behind in our office work, and a thousand chores must be attended to. Yes, we are slowly returning to normal.

First on the list of things to be done, is our SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE. We hope that the year 1949 will bring Restoration to at least FIVE THOUSAND MORE FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS. We celebrated our first anniversary in December. So we are one year old, or I should say RESTORATION IS. Will you help us, dear readers? First by renewing your own subscription? Secondly by getting us new subscribers?

To our young friends in schools and colleges, we humbly suggest that perhaps they may take OUR SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE TO RESTORATION, as their Catholic Action project for the coming semester. The subscription price is only ONE DOLLAR. How about it?

Would you believe it, but Madonna House is already too small for us. Incredible as this may seem, after only 18 months, we are bulging at the seams. So I again made an act of faith, and rented a house. The O'Brien Hotel it is called, locally. It is a picturesque place, of about ten rooms. Just right for our varied program. There really will be room for all our clubs to meet, and for the young folks to dance. And it will also be able to house our summer volunteers and visitors. The rent is only eleven dollars a month. Perhaps some charitable soul will wish to send us that amount monthly, for our MADONNA HOUSE AUXILIARY?

There is quite a job of painting to do. The house will need furnishing; and a heating problem faces us there too. Oil stoves are the answer of course. Oil heaters, perhaps, is the correct word. All this means CASH. So I am going to open a BURSE . . . for this, Our Lady's second house in Canada. I want to call it . . . OUR LADY'S HOUSE . . . For she is the patroness of our apostolate here. Anything and everything will be most welcomed, from a dime to a thousand dollars.

Yes, here I am begging again . . . and in the wrong column at that. But I devoted "COMBERMERE," my regular begging column, to the PARTY. I know you don't mind . . . for you know me for a beggar of the Lord, which I have been these eighteen years. And your response to my begging has established the Friendship Houses of TORONTO, OTTAWA, HAMILTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, MARATHON CITY, WIS., COMBERMERE, AND WASHINGTON (Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

THE PARTY . . . First, foremost, and ahead of everything else, I want to tell you all about the PARTY. For it was YOUR party, not ours. You and you alone, dear friends, made it possible. My only sorrow is that you were not here, to see the happy, shining faces of the youngsters . . . to hear their exclamations of joy and surprise.

If only you could have been here, then all the great sacrifice of energy, time, thought, love, understanding, and money that each and everyone of you put into every one of those thousand packages that come from the U.S.A. and Canada to Madonna House, would have been repaid a thousand fold.

As it is, you will have to rely on my poor words to tell you about it. Yet I hope that the Infant Christ will send you your reward now, this year, making it full of His blessings, His peace, and His joy, all of which you so richly deserve for your infinite charity!

An Early Start

The party started way back in December, around the 7th of that hallowed month. Gifts began to arrive in earnest. They came by mail. They came by express. They came by freight. Daily, trucks would stop in front of the house and disgorge parcels. Big parcels. Small ones. All shapes and forms. We would then open and sort each out. Clothing in one room. Toys, books, soap, toilet articles, jewelry, in another. Soon there was barely room to move from room to room. But still the parcels kept coming. Candy joined the parade. We called a bee. Which means we invited neighbors to help with this common task. They came. First four of us worked, then seven, then eleven, and . . . still parcels came.

The mounds of gay-colored, properly-labelled packages, grew and grew. We did not mind working late into the night . . . for each parcel meant joy . . . and the Christ spirit to some little child, some tired mother, some old granny.

The Great Need

First on our list was Madawaska. A tiny village lost in the big bush. Rev. Fr. William Dwyer, its pastor, spoke to us long ago and far away of the great need of his people. We wrote to him asking him to come with a truck and get his share. He came with a little truck, a half-ton affair. Not quite believing that it would be filled. BUT . . . it was, and to overflowing. Again I would have liked you to see HIS happy face as he drove off with his heavy load of cheer into the cold winter night.

Next came Rev. Fr. Michael Hass. He had a roomy car, and he too drove off with a smile, laden with candies, toys, and clothing, even as Fr. Dwyer was.

Rev. William McDonald, of the Anglican Church of Combermere, came next. His flock has many, many children. They come to us for books, for parties, for story hours and the like, throughout the year. They too remembered last year's party. So how could we leave them out? Only our place was too small this year to accommodate all, so his flock had their party in their own parish hall, and we in ours.

Our Own Parcels

Away to Belles Rapids, went parcels by mail. Roads were rather impassable by cars to that forgotten village in the snowy hills. And then there were left just our own parcels. For the Madonna House Christmas party at the Sacred Heart Parish Hall. It was held on December 27, the Monday after Christmas. That morning, Betty, Walter Kontak, and I, went to decorate the place. It was bitterly cold, but we soon made a fire and went to work with a will.

The windows were festooned with greens and holly. The two fir trees looked every inch as Christmassy as fir trees should. The stage had plenty of gay decorations, and the Crib was beautiful against the fresh green of pine branches we had cut on our way. All was ready.

At 2.30 p.m. sharp, the children began to gather. They came from afar in sleighs that had bells on. They came on foot, in trucks, in cars. Soon the hall was full, and resounding with songs and laughter. We sang hymns. We played games. Eddie, and Walter Kontak, a pioneer of F.H., New York, now studying at St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, N.S., a Christmas guest, were Santas. It took both of them to give out all the presents . . . and it took two hours to do it.

Ah, Refreshments!

Then came the refreshments. Each child and adult present, got over a pound of candies. Plenty of cookies too, baked by the children's parents. Cocoa, and more songs and fun. Finally it was all over. Everyone left full of good things to eat, good cheer, and arms full of gay parcels.

We stayed behind, and cleaned up. We went home happy beyond words, thinking about the remark of a little rosy cheeked tot of about six, who said, "Baby Jesus sure must love Combermere, He gave us the bestest Christmas party of all my life."

Yes Baby Jesus did just that. For all of us. Using YOU, dearest friends, to make it so. May He bless you. We most certainly do with all our hearts. THANK YOU.



Catholic Action

By A. MacKinnon

This is the West. Land of thousand-acre farms. Million dollar oil wells. And the Rockies that never take off their snow caps.

Many telegraph poles stretch between this broad Western city and the cozy little village of Combermere. But neither miles nor mountains can hold back the heat that has its source in the fire of the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style. Yes! We've heard about it away out here in the West, where, some people believe, there's nothing more progressive than painted Indians taking shots at the white men with their bows and arrows.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

People have been asking us, "Have you heard about this Baroness from 'down east'?" One flabbergasted fellow even heard it rumored that this Baroness is married to "the great Eddie Doherty." Impossible! No, we don't think so. One gentleman jubilantly announced that he had discovered the key to this whole fabulous story. And to prove it he showed us a book titled "Friendship House." That's a good start, we assured him. For further briefing on the "secret of Friendship House," and its dynamic leaders we warmly recommend "Gall and Honey," "Tumbleweed," "Dear Bishop," and of course "Restoration." So you see that the story of Friendship House is not confined to Combermere or Harlem.

Now we'd like to tell all the readers of Restoration about the Lay Apostolate in this land of tremendous distances—the West. We know that if the distances are great the opportunities of the Lay Apostolate are no less tremendous. And whether it be Catholic Action, Friendship House style, or C-A any other style, it's still the same magnificent work.

The Wild West

Christ made all these broad prairies. He made the rich black loam that you never see because it is hidden by thousand-acre stretches of golden wheat. He painted our unforgettable western sunsets, and to complete the panorama He gave us our Rockies.

Now the Lay Apostolate must return Christ to His rightful place in this West that is so broad and rich in beauty. C-A must go to every Prairie town. To every Prairie home. To restore Christ to the West. This is our part of the Catholic Action program that must not rest till Christ has been restored to the whole world. We know it will not be an easy task. But the West is proud of young men and women who will not be daunted by any obstacle in carrying out the work of Catholic Action.

If you'd like to hear more about these zealous young people, watch for our next column in Restoration. We'll be telling you about the "specialized movements" of C-A in the "Wild West." And perhaps we can report an interview with some "Apostles of the Front Lines" away out here.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two) TON, D.C. That is why I am not afraid to put in your generous hand . . . OUR LADY'S SECOND HOUSE HERE . . . OUR LADY'S BURSE . . . Thank you.

Laudamus Te

By A. MacKinnon

owes its very life and existence to him too. And I personally owe him so much that words fall short of expressing the depth of my gratitude.

Daily his name and his intentions are in our humble prayers.

He Paid the Rent

Rev. W. Muckle, D.L.C., in those days pastor of St. Michael's Cathedral. He was our very first benefactor. He paid the rent for the first premises of Friendship House, the one that everything started in, and that later became the soup-kitchen and the dormitory of the thousand brothers Christopher who found rest, food, and peace within its walls—be it for a few hours, days, or weeks—and which housed our library and offices.

But he gave us so much more than money. He gave himself. I wonder if he remembers the innumerable "urgent" telephone calls early in the mornings or late at night, that we would make—so childishly sure of his charity. We would ask him anything from where and how to get this or that—to the answer to a theological or philosophical problem presented by some non-catholic visitor.

A Long Fine List

Monsignor Dollard (R.I.P.), former pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a poet of merit. With his Irish wit he made dark moments light, and his charity was always far ahead of his cash. Fr. A. O'Brien, then his curate; Fr. H. Gallagher, then Head of the Catholic Charities; Monsignor Tracy (R.I.P.); Father Roach, C.S.B.; Father Keating, SJ—the list grows and swells. The reverend clergy of Toronto was in the majority kindly disposed and interested in this new and strange lay apostolate.

To all of them, named and unnamed . . . our eternal gratitude.

Nor can we forget the Nuns. For where we would be without their understanding help, I do not know. It is they who made Christmas cheerful for the seven hundred kids whom we cared for after school hours. It is almost miraculous what nuns can do. With a few pieces of paper and a box of paints, they fashion joy and beauty. It must be because they walk in joy and beauty.

To the saintly Nuns of St. Joseph, of Loretto, of the Precious Blood, the Sisters of Service, and the Franciscan Polish Nuns, as well as those of Providence, our prayerful thanks.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two) wolves were still following us the dogs would know. They would wake me with their barking. And, if the wolves came too close and I couldn't get away, I could climb the tree.'

"But man," I objected, "that was madness. You would have frozen to death there."

"No," he said. "I might have got frost bitten, of course. But some of those dogs were sure to get home. Then a rescue party would set out. I would be found. One of our fellows was treed for two days, in just such circumstances. And he's still alive."

So You Left Alaska!

"Young man," I said, "I don't blame you a bit for leaving Alaska."

"Oh," he answered, "I left

to come here and finish up my studies. I will be ordained next month. Then I am going back to Alaska, and I'll stay there, I guess, until I die or go crazy. You see, I'm sure that's where God wants me to work."

Father Jim was silent for a moment or two, thinking.

"I was so ashamed of myself, judging this man for grumbling over a dish of beans improperly cooked," he said then, "that I've never got over it. And I've tried never to judge any man since then."

On the whole, I think, that is a much better meditation for these five acres than any I could possibly make myself. Don't you?

So I walked to the post office. So I'm getting well. So what?

So I always feel humble in the presence of a priest.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE(Continued from Page One)
economic security.

The open gate is the "credit union," which is at once the foundation and proving ground of Christian Co-operatives. And Christian Co-operatives, to our way of thinking, afford the best vehicle for "good living," the way Our Saviour wants it.

Field of Combat

As young men, on our way through the Seminary, we had to work overtime to gather up, even enough fundamental and theoretic information to fit us for the great vocation of being the "salt of the earth." Practical application had to wait for the field of combat.

We had to learn the "hard way." The fact that we had had some previous experience in the walks of life and the ways of men, having been brought up in rural surroundings, labored, played and prayed with fellowmen in country and town, helped considerably. Otherwise we would have been "as green as grass" and twice as stupid, in the interpretation of character and the moral value of the people. The big problem for the young priest is to be able to judge human acts, as to their Christianity, and place each in its proper theological category. Because "everybody's doing it" does not make a deed moral. One has to be sure whether it is pleasing to God or not.

Sum Up The Rules

Rural people, as a rule, know the Christian teachings pretty well. Sure, they can sum up the rules any old time by repeating the pious platitudes and stereotyped expressions that have been pounded into their ears these many years. Many, alas, do not make this information the reason for their acts. They carry this knowledge as they would a button on the cuff of their coat sleeve. Merely decorative.

"Be ye just as your heavenly Father is just" is a "saying" they don't mind hearing. You see, it's an old-time tune and they like old-time music. But unlike the old-time ditty it does not make them dance. On Monday they set out to skin the very hide off their neighbor.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," sounds very pious and gives them the same righteous feeling as they would have, after taking a bath, but they never dream of sharing up, giving a helping hand or making friends with the one they hate. People may know the Christian teaching but many do not live it. That is exactly what is wrong with the world—so much hate widespread injustice, intolerance, distrust, avarice and selfishness.

Gather Your Friends

Don't give me the "brush off" and have me dubbed as

a crank after the above declaration. Get going in a serious study group that is preparing to enter a credit union. If there is no such thing around where you live gather a few of your friends with you and form one. Your present position in the un-moral state of economics will come clear very soon. You could chew on something like this.

Competent nutritionists insist that the majority of people are suffering in different degrees from "hidden hunger," or malnutrition. "Starvation," they say, "in the midst of plenty and a land full of everything good to eat." Two causes for this state of health are advanced.

One is the poor methods of cooking and serving foods. Of this all we intend to say is that a volume could be written about it.

The second cause deals with the food processors who are guided only by the "profit" motive. We, the common people are the dupes and pawns. The big joke is surely on us but it is no joking matter. Now when I say that business and economic life are rotten morally, I mean just that. We can point the accusing finger at the combines in general and at the food processors in particular.

Bread Or a Stone?

"Give us this day our daily bread" we beg of the three milling companies that control the flour of our country. Instead of bread they reach us a stone, or something as useless in nutritive value—a hunk of starch. The flour on the market is made from wheat but is not wheaten flour, only the starch in flour. To bleach it they use a poisonous gas.

Food processors are not concerned with the nutritive value of flour, only the lasting qualities, so that it can be stored indefinitely until the price is right. Storing sometimes creates a demand. Housewives being suckers for advertising will pay any price if they think there is a shortage. It is easy to get them thinking that way.

It's Just Starch

High quality wheaten flour, being nutritious, will spoil easily. The processors strip the grain of everything but the core or kernel, which is starch. The housewife is then told that the best bread is the whitest and fluffiest. "It looks so nice, you know." Yeah! But it fills your stomach with starch, and that is all.

They took away from the grain the wheat germ and its rich natural oil. (This would make the flour rancid in a short time. The processors would of course be at a loss.) You can buy the wheat germ at a fancy price. Breakfast cereal, too, is quite a racket. "Bran for constipation" (Starch, they say is very constipating) Heh! Heh! Heh! "Sell them the starchy bread so as to constipate and the wheat bran

SPIRITUAL DIRECTORS

(Continued from Page One)
OF GOD (or soon will be). Keep forever in mind (when the time comes) the memory of your Ordination. Think of that awesome, glad supreme day of your life. The day when you become a priest. On that day you receive powers beyond the imagination of men. You become a vessel of the Almighty. Yours are the gifts of tongues, and prophecies. Evil spirits fear and obey your words. YOU ARE A GIANT IN GOD. YOU CAN DO ALL THINGS IN HIM, THROUGH HIM, AND IN YOUR FAITH. . . . ALL THINGS!

Open your mouth, Friend, and the Lord will speak through you. Have no fears. Your stumbling, halting, hesitant words will transform sinners into saints, will make great saints, stupendous before God's Face. We need your guidance, your directions so! Without them we are lost. Shepherds of our souls, LET US HEAR YOUR WORDS, FOR IN THEM IS CONTAINED ALL THE WISDOM OF GOD.

A Call for Shepherds

We are so lost, so afraid, so weak! Find us. Bring us home to our Father's House. Comfort us, take our fears away, put our feet unto His paths, help us to be saints, for to be a saint, simply means to be a lover of God. And didn't Christ die of love—love for us—and so that we should love Him as He loved us?

TEACH US HOW TO LOVE. FOR WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS. AND WHERE GOD IS, THERE IS PEACE, ORDER, HAPPINESS, ALL THE THINGS WE DESIRE SO, AND WANT SO. AND WE HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR HIM.

SHED OUR FEARS. SHED YOURS TOO. COME OUT INTO THE MARKET PLACE AND TAKE OUR SOULS OVER, LEADING THEM TO HIM, WHOM YOUR HEARTS LOVE SO EXCEEDINGLY . . . AND OURS SHOULD!

BABY-SITTING TONY

(Continued from Page One)
I was gone? Hadn't the doctor said that she might die any moment? I was tempted to turn back. I prayed for a sign to reassure me that I should continue onward.

The sign came and could not be mistaken. It happened in Lima, not Peru, Martin's birthplace, but New York, and later I plainly saw who it was that came to my rescue. I was on the outskirts of the village and was doing close to sixty, I had many miles to cover, but the speed limit was only 30 miles

to "de-constipate."

Quite a little joke but all very profitable.

Who cares a snuff about the hidden hunger of the consumer, the shareholder?

an hour and was being rigidly enforced during the war days.

Oh! A Speed Cop!

Suddenly, I heard a siren, quickly I glanced at the mirror. I had guessed correctly. It was a patrol car. I slowed down. "Pull over and stop," the officer ordered.

"Perhaps, I shouldn't have left Clara," I thought as the Officer came towards me with pad in hand. Gathering my wits, I sent a hurried prayer Heavenward, so that I wouldn't be held up too long.

"Where do you think you are going in such a hurry?" the officer asked gruffly. "I suppose you don't know that you were exceeding the speed limit by 25 miles or more."

"Believe me officer, it's this way," I commenced, "I'm on a mission of mercy. My wife is back home dying, and I'm on my way to a Shrine to pray for her."

"Shrine? What Shrine?" he asked, in a tone that sent a feeling of joy through me.

"Father Coughlin's Shrine of the Little Flower," I replied.

Bowing his head, he gave me a slight pat on the back, and said, "Go right ahead buddy, and I'll be saying a prayer for you."

My eyes filled with tears, as I continued on my journey. What better sign needed I, to assure me that I was doing God's will? Again, I failed to give credit where credit was due, but I've tried to make it up to Martin since.

Writer Is Halted Here

A car drives into my driveway. I call little Marty and take him in my arms. "Your mommy and daddy have come to get you," I tell him.

"Mawtin," he says, as he rubs his eyes, making an effort to get them open.

* * * * *

Tony will be back soon to continue the story.—Editor.

IN HIS NAME . . .

Remembering that we are all members of His Mystical Body, we bring to you the needs of some who are in greater need than we.

Mr. Fabian O. Osa-Afiana
Umuahia, Nigeria
West Africa

This gentleman is a Catholic Actionist from the word go. He is now organizing Catholic Libraries in Nigeria, and begs for Catholic books and magazines.

Rev. Fr. Abraham Kuttian-
kal
Immaculate Conception
Valavoor Palai P.O.
Tanjavore S. India

Father writes: "I am a Catholic priest who has labored in the Indian Missions for twenty-five years, and in my whole lifetime I have not been in such difficulties as I am now! This is a new station, there is only a thatched roof chapel but no

FIRE !!

The night was still and cold. The snow deep. The stars all out. It was the night after Christmas, and, in Combermere, the time of rejoicing, of singing and dancing at friends' houses.

Suddenly the skies were flushed with licking tongues of flames. "FIRE . . . FIRE . . . FIRE." The dreaded cry echoed and re-echoed through our little community.

"Whose house?" was our first question. "What can we do to help?" was the next one, asked even before the first was properly answered. Yet when we found out that it was the house of Michael and Blanche Lepinskie, our sorrow overflowed.

For Blanche Lepinskie, formerly Scholes, was one of the pioneers of Friendship House, Chicago. She was its first Assistant-Director, before her marriage. Everyone who knew Friendship House there, knew and loved Blanche. And all of us here love and respect Mick Lepinskie, her husband.

There they were, one minute celebrating joyously with their friends these blessed Holy Days, and the next minute learning that their house with all its contents and food supplies had gone up in flames! Nothing but the cattle and stock, so precious to farmers, and the clothes on their back, was left.

Neighborliness, thanks be to Christ the Lord, is one of the outstanding virtues of our little community. Within twenty-four hours the Lepinskies found shelter, and their most primary needs were filled. Clothing, food, beds, bedding and some furniture had been supplied.

BUT . . . there are still SO MANY THINGS TO GET . . . A separator, furniture, tools. The need is well nigh endless. If any of our readers have such things to send, we know they will be gladly received . . . but if not, CASH would help so much to buy them. CASH also will help with the re-building of the house.

Dear Friends of Friendship House, who realize so well that we are more than neighbors . . . WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST . . . and the need of one, calls for the privilege of help, to all . . . will YOU help? Anything from a dollar up will be welcome.

Please send all donations and gifts directly to Mr. MICHAEL LEPINSKIE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

room for me to live in, and I am in great difficulties also as to the very means of livelihood, and to add to all this I am not well. Could you ask your many friends for a few crumbs from their table of charity?"

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